ASPEN MINERS RISK THEIR LIVES TO BAVE THE SMUGGLER. dust When It Had Recovered from the Panis

and Began to Pay Wages Again Fire Threatened Its Total Destruction - Eight Bays of Meroic Work Takes It Out of Banger DENVER, Nov. 24.-No ship fire in midocean could cause greater alarm or demand more heroic efforts than have been witnessed in the mining camp of Aspen in the last seven days, as the miners attempted to extinguish a fire in the deep workings of the great Smuggler Mine, on Smuggler Mountain. The destruction of that mine virtually meant the ruin of the entire

camp and the throwing out of employment at

the beginning of winter of a most industrious class of intelligent workmen. Aspen is a remarkable mining camp. Its ores carry nothing but silver, and its activity depends solely upon the price of the white metal. From its very beginning Aspen has been developed under the most trying conditions. It was established in the dead of winter, when prospectors risked death in the snow to cross the range, breaking trails over dangerous passes, and living in green log cabins while doing assessment work upon locations made when the snow lay from six to twenty feet deep on

One of the greatest obstacles to be overcome in the development of the camp was the flood of water encountered in the deepening of the shafts on the steep mountains that encompass the town site. When Aspen mines were producing high-grade ores and the market value of allver was above the dollar mark, the respective managements did not hesitate to undertake to solve the water problem, though it meant an enormous expenditure of money. The manufacturers of pumps were called upon to supply machines of greater capacity than had ever been known, and the development of monster pumps was had only through many costly exriments. For many years the greatest pumps known to the mechanical world were located in Aspen. As the mines deepened the water problem became more difficult. The great Cowenhoven tunnel was driven into Smuggler Mountain for a distance of more than miles to afford a drainage system and transportation for the mines above, whose shafts must eventually reach to the depth to which the Cowenhoven tunnel has pierced the mountain. A drainage shaft was sunk on ground adjoining the Mollie Gibson, known as the Free Coinage shaft, equipped with ma-

the Free Coinage shaft, equipped with machinery to lift hoists from a final depth of 2,000 feet, and in this shaft pumps of the greatest possible capacity are to be placed for the purpose of assisting in the work of fighting the great water flow of the mountain.

All this work required years of effort and the expenditure of much wealth and energy. When the Cowenhoven tunnel was completed and soon after the Free Coinage drainage shaft had been started, the panic came. Silver fell in price until the expense of mining the ore exceeded the cost of operating the pumps and working the properties at great depth. Then the miners themselves undertook to dig out the ore, the companies furnishing power and operating the pumps, and to accept what profits remained after royalties on tonnage and smelter and freight charges had been met. One the low-grade ores a 150-ton concentrator was kept burst day and night in the Smugrier.

after royalties on tonnage and smelter and freight charges had been met. One the low-grade ores a 150-ton concentrator was kept busy day and night in the Smuggler.

The fire in the Smuggler was discovered early on the morning of the 14th. At that time Smuggler mountain mines gave employment to 1,500 miners at fair wages. Nover in the history of the district were conditions more settled and the outlook more favorable. A contract had been let to continue the work on the Cowenhoven tunnel, which will in time be four miles long; the Free Colungs shaft is now below the lowest depth of any mine on the mountain, and the great array of monster pumps working together keep the mines comparatively clear of water. The railroads have reduced freight rates, the smelters have made concessions in treatment charges; the miners themselves, by means of the leasing system, take part of the responsibility of the venture, and the method of concentrating the low-grade ores has proven successful.

When, therefore, everything seemed flourishing and the outlook most encouraging for a busy winter, the residents of Aspen were suddenly aroused to the fearful danger of a conflagration in one of the most important mines of the district. Unless the fire could be extinguished it would destroy that mine, and the cripoling of the pumps would cause other mines to fill with water, and to this the dangers of foul gases would be added. Realizing what they had at stake, every man in the camp rushed to the scene, and volunteers without number were ready to undertake the most dangerous work in order to fight this new peril that threatened the very life of the camp.

The workmen in the several drifts and levels of the Smuggler and the Mollie Gibson mines began to inhale an obnoxious gas shortly after midnight on Sunday morning, the 14th, and a search was promptly instituted for its source. Three hours later the fire was located in a large cribbing of timber which extends from the eighth to the fifth levels of the Smuggler, and is situated about eighty feet from the Mollie Gibson. This cribbing was constructed as the immense ore chute was dug out. As fast as the ore was taken out great timbers were placed in the excavation from which to carry on the mining of the ore chute. Debris was thrown into this cribbing as progress was made, and after the ore chute en, therefore, everything seemed flourish-

from which to carry on the mining of the ore chute. Débris was thrown into this cribbing as progress was made, and after the ore chute was exhausted the mass of timber and refuse had remained for years, while the mine was subsequently deepened and explorations went on in other directions. Whether this old timbering was ignited through carclessness or its oilseaked, blackened mass was set aftre by spontaneous combustion cannot be determined.

The alarm was sounded, Manager Hallett was aroused, and, un or his personal direction, efforts began to extinguish the fire. It was a most difficult task even to locate the place where the fire was burning. Before daylight the gas had increased so rapidly that the miners became panic stricken and went up the hoists to the surface. The miners in the Mollie Gibson undertook to build a bulkhead in the tunnel connection between the two mines, but they abandoned their work when the gas increased in density. Several men were overcome by the fumes, adding to the aiarm and panic. Finally the pumpmen in the Mollie left their posts and elimbed to the surface. With the pumps stopped it would have been a que tion of but a rew hours when the mines would be drowned out and practically ruined.

In this emergency Alex Carstens, the master mechanic of the Smuggler, descended the Free Coinage shaft, crawled along the connecting drift to the Mollie, and, reaching the pumping station, started the machinery again. This undertaking encouraged the men, and they returned to the mine and soon had the bulkhead completed, and work was resumed in that mine. Manager Hallett made several trips down the Smuggler ebaft, but the smoke and fumes were see dense that the men could not stay long and attempts to bulkhead the drifts leading to the cribbing at different lev Is had to be abandoned. In this undertaking twenty-five mon were overcome by the gas and had to be lifted to the surface.

Is this undertaking twenty-five men were over-come by the gas and had to be lifted to the sur-face, some of them recovering consciousness only after an hour's hard work under the direction of physician.

face, some of them recovering consciousness only after an hour's hard work under the direction of physicians.

The next attempt that day was descend into the Free Coinage shaft, cross into the Smuggler workings underneath the place where the fire was burning, and from that point try t. fight the conflagration. Manager Hallett, Master Mechanic Carstens, and a cageman undertook this task. They turned a stream of water at the seventh level, 100 feet above the bottom of the cribbing, into the mass through a connecting drift, but they had to be quick about it on account of the foul gas. As it was, Carstens gave out and had to be dragged to the cage by the other two, As they reached the shaft Hallett fell exhausted just as the cage an grasped the signal rope. The cageman succumbed, too, but his hand was on the signal rope and the engineer above promptly obeyed. The signal was to drop the cage, and the three exhausted men were lowered below, he level of the fire, a distance of 200 feet to the pumping station, where the pumping attains, where the pumping station, but the air was so bot that he could not the seventh level on the cage from the pumping station, but the air was so bot that he could not stop an instant and had to return.

The next effort to master the situation was to run a line of steam pipe through the Free Coinage shaft and up to the eighth level in the Snurger and let it play upon the burning crib. Prior to this, however, a stream of water from above had been turned into the great stone occupying a space 300 feet deep and 60x180 feet in area. All through Sanday night, with the fire raging above them and only 100 feet away, the pumpine stood at their posts at the ninth level and 2,000 gallons per minute west out of the minute. All the pumps in the adjoining mines assisted and the danger of drowning was obvisated for the time.

On Monday the smoke and gas had spread into adjacent mines through the broken on

assisted and the danger of drowning was sold at the time.

On Monday the smoke and gas had spread into adjacent mines through the broken formations and through connecting water, sir, and working channels until mines two miles away on the mountain side had to suspend operations. All the mines undertook to build bulkheads to shut out the deadly fumes. Some were constructed of masonry.

shut out the deadly fumes. Some were constructed of masonry.

At the Smuggler the efforts to lay a steam pipe line through the eighth level to the burning crib had to be abandoned, but an attenut during the day to run the line on the seventh proved successful, though it was attended with much danger. The water pouring into the burning mass from above had the effect of driving the gas down to the eighth level, and a steam sprsy at the ninth formed a draft which sent the gas out into the main shaft. In descending the shaft to the pumping station the weekmen had to pass through this gas, and many were evercome. They were tied together with rope

only the native Canadian manuscrutes

while working in the seventh level, so that if a man fell the fact became quickly apparent to

man fell the fact became quickly apparent to his associates.

The third day saw but little progress. Once a sudden inflow of gas into the Mollie shaft gave the workinen there such a dose that they had to be rushed to the surface at through the Free Coinnex shaft. When the insensible men reached the surface an were tumbled into express wagons, unconscious, the spectators were panic stricken. That day the workmen in the Smuggler managed to get the steam pipe line laid along the seventh level to the cribbing, and a hole was blasted with dynamite through which the steam began to rush into the mass of timber and refuse.

In spite of the fact that 700 gallons of water per minute flowed upon the burning stope steadily from Sunday morning until Wednesday, the fire still raged, though no blaze was seen. On Wednesday a second stream of water was turned on, while the steam pipe played from the seventh level. By this time fears of damage from so much water were added. In the afternoon Manager Hallett, Master Mechanic Carstens, and State Inspector Nye, with several workmen, undertook to descend the Smuggler shaft. They reached and explored the seventh level in safety and then undertook to explore the eighth. In this were two bulkbeads. They passed the first and had reached the second when they began to note the effects of the gas. One of the miners, crassed by the gas, started to run, when Nye grappled with him. Had the miner escaped he would have plunged into the shaft and met with instant death. While the two men struggled the others sought to recape, but were overcome. Nye held out and dragged his now unconscious man to the cage and descended to the pumping station. The pumpinen promptly went up to the level and dragged out all the unconscious men, who finally were taken to the surface through the Free Coinage shaft.

By Saturday the alarm over the water which

and dragged out all the unconscious men, who inally were taken to the surface through the Free Coinage shaft.

By Saturday the alarm over the water which had been pouring into the burning stope from above since Sunday morning was settled by the discovery of its flow into the ninth level from one of the drifts. It was not being penned up in some place to burst out by its great weight, as had been feared. With steam from below and water from above, the fire was confined to that portion of the stope lying between the seventh and eighth levels, and the gas was being driven out by the currents thus established. The management now decided to cut a new drift through the foot wall around the stope so that through port holes water or steam could be introduced from the rear. This work would require about ten days to accomplish, and meanwhile the contest was continued by means of water from above and steam from below and from the seventh level.

After the trouble with gas was abated the miners returned to the adjacent properties, and fears of disaster to the pumps were practically ended. The efforts to save the mine during the first few days were brave and the risks taken by the men were most dangerous. It will be several weeks before all danger is at an end.

### NEW ATTRACTIONS IN BOSTON. distinuary Enterprise Undertaken by a Guide

and Courier Service. It is now possible for New Yorkers to make personally conducted tour of the old town of Boston in Massachusette, for many years the home of John L. Sullivan, and be reasonably certain of finding their hotel at night, if they don't land in a hospital suffering from collision with a trolley car. Travellers in this city and antiquarians have received during the past week copies of the prospectus of a guide and courier service in Boston which offers some inducements for visiting that town. For instance, "regular trips to the principal historical points leave the office daily at 9:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. under escort of a guide; rate, 3 hours, 50 cents each person." Considering the length of Boston hours, this is undoubtedly the cheapest guide service in the world. There are well-authenticated records of thirsty

day to find that they had aged ten years. The prospectus says under the head of chaperons: Ladies of culture and agreeable manners, who thoroughly understand Boston—its points of histori-cal interest, best shopping places, and those of amusement-are ready for escort duty at short notice. At the best stores these chaperons are well known. which is of special advantage in obtaining attention and good values. In short, it is generally admitted that there are a thousand and one ways where the

ervices of a chaperon, readily obtained, are of value Rates, 40 cents per hour. Special prices for parties Orders may be left as for the guide service. Orders may be left as for the guide service.

There are people who believe that chaperons are dear at any price. If the Courier Service Company knows its business it has undoubtedly selected near-sighted ladies of culture and agreeable manners for the delicate task of chaperoning, and even a department store couldn't offer such chaperons at less than forty cents an hour. The circular doesn't say that this rate is merely nominal, because that is obvious. People who have to pass through Boston from one station to another may have "escort service for 40 cents an hour," and any New Yorker who has ever tried to find his way from the Albany station to the Park square station will admit that this is dirt cheap. The prospectus has this to say about carriages.

Rates for pleasure driving per hour, \$1\$ to \$1.50.

Rates for pleasure driving per hour, \$1 to \$1.50, Rates for shopping per hour, \$1. This is blind. Do the pleasure drivers ride in carriages while the guides lead the way on wheels? What happens when a party engages a chaper in and guide combined at 40 cents an hour? Does the lady of agreeable manners ride a bicycle in front of the carriage while her charges are comfortably tucked away inside? There are young men in New York who would pay at least 49 cents an hour for such chaperons.

The prospectus indicates that "electric car outings" are now the fad in Boston, and four pages of description are devoted to them. The regular fare is five cents. To quote from the circular: BICYCLES FURNISHED WITH GUIDES.

Electric car outings are more popular than ever, and we are ready to furnish special cars for any occasion, together with guides. occasion, together with guides.

This offers no novel inducement to Brooklyn people. It is prepared chiefly for New Torkers. There is no reference in the prospectus to restaurants where the hungry and thirsty may go after the theatre. Boston has outgrown the Welsh rabbit and musty ale habit which made it a delightful village to visit a dozen yea s ago, and it is now the headquarters for "electric car outings."

## ANOTHER KANSAS BENEFACTOR. He Figures Out a Scheme to Give Working

men More Sleep in the Morning. TOPERA, Kan., Nov. 25 .- John McDonald, an industrious and frugal Scotchman of Armour-dale, a suburb of Kansas City, Kan., is receiving the blessings of his fellow laborers. He has figured out an extra hour's sleep in the morning, a boon for the toilers who must be atshop and factory at 7 A. M. Mr. McDonald is a mechanical engineer, who keeps a horse to drive to his work every morning. This means of travel is superior to the street car facilities afforded by Armourdale, but there were some inconveniences attached to it by reason of the necessity of leaving a warm bed an hour earlier in the morning in order that the horse as well as McDonald might have time to eat and digest his breakfast.

In the cold winter months this was a very disagreeable duty. McDonold finally figured out a device that would obviate this thing. Above the horse's manger he constructed a box with the bottom of it made in the form of a trap that drops down when a catch is pulled. At attached to a catch is a wire that runs up to a pulley suspended from the floor of the hayloft. It passes over the pulley and out through a small hole in the side of the barn above the door. From there it is stretched along the yard, through rings at the top of poles, and is passed through a small aperture in the casing at the top of the back door of the house, thence around the kitchen wall, up a stairway to McDonald's bedroom, trainiating with a wooden handle in arm's reach of his bed.

At night when McDonald reaches home and stables his horse, he fixes its bedding of straw, puls a sufficient quantity of hay in the rack for two meals, puts a measure of feed in the animal's manger for supper and in the box over its manger for breakfast. Then his stable work is done for the night, and for the morning, too. At 5 o'clock in the morning McDonald awakens and pulls the string at his bedside, and the feed drops from the box to the manger, and the horse has before him his breakfast. McDonald turns over and steeps till 6 o'clock. Then he gets up and has nothing to do but eat his own breakfast, hitch up and go to work.

McDonald is not yet satisfied. He has in mind a swinging harness that will drop on the borse's back and snap together when the catch on the feed box is pulled. He says his only desire is to invent such a combination of labor saving machinery that will enable working men to enjoy the early morning shooze. Above the horse's manger he constructed a box

When one applies for a ferry ticket at the new Whitehall ferry of the Central Railroad of New Jersey he receives a slip on which these words

Good for One Continuous Passage in NEW YORK AND COMMUNIPAW, N. J. No Stop Off Allowed.

Folks who use the ferry take this to mean that the management wishes to discourage halfhearted attempts at suicide. It is full and compiete notice, they say, that anybody who jumps overboard must be prepared to stay in the water. If this interpretation be true the Whitehall route is one to be shunned by the individual who jumps only in the certainity that he will be rescued in a state of glorious notoriety. HAMMERED WITH TURKEY.

CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR GETS HIS THANKSOIVING RAW.

we Citteen Offered to Pay Pare for the Birds They Wanted to Get Uptown With, and Made Bludgeons of Them Whon the Com-pany Officially Refused Them as Passengers. On the principle that it is well to drink beartily before eating heartily, John Rodney, of the fact that 700 gallons of water an Irishman, and Tony Sauer, a German, set out early from their Harlem homes to make a

memorable Thanksgiving of yesterday. Their aim was Washington Market, but, finding that closed, they went to a special sale of turkeys nearby and purchased one specimen apiece of the great American bird, besides squabs. Having thus provided the food, they looked after the drink with distinguished suc cess. By the time they got to Broadway the wrappings were off the turkeys, and the package of squabs having become undone, those delicacles were distributed into the pockets of their purchasers. Rodney and Sauer were a picturesque pair when at half-past 10 they boarded the Third avenue cable car of which Patrick

Hanlon was the conductor. Rodney took a seat near the corner and set his turkey down beside him, leaning it up against the back of the seat. Then producing several squabs, he set them neatly in a row on their defeathered tails, with their wings stick ing stiffly out in a sort of present-arms posture "Set there by your mother," said he to the squabs as he jammed the last one into position, and be good. It's a fine show you make. A

regular happy family." "So they do," said Sauer. "T'll fix mine that way."

Before he had got them arranged to suit himself the conductor came in to protest.

"That's all right, said Sauer: "I'll pay fare for 'em. Full fare for the old turkeys and half fare for the squabs."

"That won't do," said Han'on; "you're spoiling the scats putting those greasy birds on them."

them."
"Won't do, hey!" said Sauer in militant tones,
pulling out a handful of change and holding it
out. "There's your fare. Let's see you put 'em

pulling out a handful of change and holding it out. "There's your fare. Let's see you put 'em off."

Hanlon rang the bell to stop the car. "Get off, both of you," he said, "and take those things with you."

"Put your hand on me," threatened Sauer, "and I'll make a mince pie of you. Without brandy," he added, victonsly.

Not observing that Rodney had grasped his turkey by the legs and was swinging it, the conductor reached for Sauer. The turkey landed on the side of the conductor's head, knocking him over upon the seat. As soon as he got to his feet Sauer's turkey banged him, and over he went again.

"Help!" he yelled to John McFesney, the grimmn. "Come in here.

McFeeney hauled the door open and rushed down the sisle, only to be met half way by a squab, which, hurled with excellent alm, fattened itself upon his face. It was followed by a second and a third, and when the grimmn, with head lowered, plunged through the flock of birds, he got an uppercut from a turkey that dazed him. Two policemen arrived in time to save Hanlon from having his head jammed clear through a window which had already been broken by its impact. The two belligerents were arrested and taken to the Oak street station, still clinging to their turkeys.

In spit of their plea that they had offered to pay fare for the birds, they were locked up on a charge of intoxication and assault, the Centre Street Police Court having closed for the day.

In the afternoon, when they were getting lamentably hungry, two bondsmen came to ball them out. They came out to the deak and beheld their turkeys hung up behind it as evidence.

"Can't we take the turkeys with us, Sergeant!" asked Rodney.

"Bon't know whether that would do," replied the Sergeant gravely. "They're felonious weapons of assault, and we may need them in court."

"Sure, then, we'll bring 'em back," said Rodney—inside."

"They ought to be tender," said the Sergeant.

"They ought to be tender," said the Sergeant. New Yorkers who have been forced to spend an evening in Boston and have awakened the next

"They ought to be tender," said the Sergeant.

### COLD STORAGE.

Great Variety of Surplus Products Nov Cold storage warehouses were originally es-

tablished for the storing of surplus dairy products, butter, cheese, and eggs. With enormous production these things had been plentiful and cheap in season, scarce and high out of season. Sometimes the production was more than could be consumed or sold, and then it was sacrificed or wasted. With cold storage the produce could put away his surplus product to be held until the season of comparative scarcity, and prices were equalized.

Cold storage for dairy products filled a wan and gradually its operations were extended to include other things of a perishable nature. Nuts are among the things now taken into cold storage and so preserved from worms. Tobacco, also, is kept in cold storage to protect it from worms. Dried fruits of various kinds are kept in cold storage; raisins and currents, and apples and peaches, and so on. Poultry is now a great item in cold storage warehouses. Thousands of tons of Western poultry are put into cold stor-age every year. The poultry is killed in the fall and winter, after the harvesting of the crops. and winter, after the harvesting of the crops. The poultry killing is practically the harvesting of a poultry crop. It is then in good condition, it is a convenient season for the farmer, and the hest season for shipment from the farm to the freezer. Not much meat is put into cold storage. Cattle are slaughtering all the time, and the products mifketed daily.

Game at some seasons is stored in large quantities; and ish in great quantities, and they could be a fine of the cold storage, and warlous green fruits are regular articles of cold storage,

toes are sometimes put into cold storage, and various green fruits are regular articles of cold storage.

Haw furs awaiting manufacture or shipment have for some time been kept in cold storage. Manufactured furs are now stored in the same manner. Some safe deposit and storage companies that store househould effects provide cold storage for fur garments, fur rugs, the mounted heads of animals, curtains, carpets, clothing, and so on, for protection against moths. Cold storage has been established as a business for about twenty years. Outside of New York and Chicago the business in the country has grown up mainly within fifteen years. But there is now no considerable city that is not provided with cold storage facilities. In New York there are now about thirty cold storage warehouses. One company here has eighteen warehouses with an artificial cooling capacity representing in the aggregate 600 tons of ice daily.

## GOING TO THE KLONDIKE.

## An Asserted Company of Down-Easters to Sal

in an Old Fishing Schooner PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 25 .- Thirty-two men have paid in \$200 each to a treasurer elected by themselves, and the old schooner Concord, built in Gloucester twenty years ago for the Greenland halibut fishery trade, has been bought to carry them to Alaska. The old booker will be fitted with new rigging and sails, and when she is ready for sea about twenty of the party will take passage on her around the Horn. The others will go overland and meet her at San Francisco. From present indications the Concord should be ready to clear from here next week. She will be commanded by Capt. H. S. Hubley of Newcastle.

The Concord will carry seventy-five tons o coal, twenty tons being soft coal for the use of a steam launch which will be taken on at San Francisco. She will have besides fifteen tons of water, twenty-five tons of provisions and about twelve tons of miscellaneous freight which will include the personal effects of the party. The manager of the party is G. R. Batcs. Besides the captain and the manager the following the captain and the manager the following named persons will sail on the Concord: H. McLeod, Pictou, N. S., mate; Edward Nelson, Wenham, muchinist; John Remick, Kittery, Me., carpenter; James Scott, Maiden, Mass., painter; H. A. Stone, Hudson, Mass., blacksmith; Stanley Lutts, Malden, Mass., carpenter; Charles Grant, Gioucester, Mass., mester marine and fisherman; J. Hart, Milton, N. H., paper manufacturer; Stenhen Patch, Kitteny, Mc., engineer; H. A. Strong, Gloucester, merchant; A. A. Sargent, Methuen, Mass., physician and surgeon; William Hubley, New Castle, barber; Robert Dexter, Gloucester, cook, There are also ashoemaker, a boat builder and several miners in the party. There will be three seamen in each watch with plenty more to call on in case of an emergency.

three seamen in each watch with plenty more to call on in case of an emorgency.

Mix dories, each 16 feet long and of extra width, will be taken along, and Charles Grant, who is well known as a Gloucester fishing skipper, will provide a seine and a thirty-fathom drag net to keep the party well supplied with fresh fish. The steam launch is now building. She will be 40 feet over all, beamy, and capable of carrying about seven tons of freight besides the passengers. The Mate, McLeod, has seen service in the North Pacific waters, having for more than twenty years, sailed as master of a steamer plying between San Francisco and St. Michael.

From the Yonkers Statesman. The Wife—The baby has been jabbering away there for about an hour, and I can't understand a thing she says.

The Husband—I've noticed, dear, the listic thing grows more like you every day.

Grawing Like Its Mother.

THANKSGIVING SUICIDES.

Butcher Out of Work Hangs Himself

Christian Lauroesh, a butcher who was ou f work, hanged himself in an untenanted flat at 161 East 113th street yesterday. He left a widow and a child four months old, who live

on the second floor of the house.

His suicide was, first discovered when, at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the janitor, William Hampton, took some prospective tenants into the vacant flat to show the rooms. On reaching the kitchen they saw the body of the butcher suspended to the transom by a bit of rope. The house hunters fled precipitately and the police were called in to take charge of the body of the suicide.

John W. Jayne, a clerk in the general Pos Office, shot himself yesterday afternoon at his home at 235 West 115th street. His wife was, busy in the kitchen when she heard the report of the revolver. She ran to the dining room ad joining and found him on the floor with a bullet wound in his left breast.

Her screams brought neighbors, who summoned policemen. By the time they had arrived the wounded man had lighted a cigarette and he was smoking calmly when they entered. "Yes, I shot myself; no one is to blame," he

said in answer to their questions. When asked why, he answered "Oh, well; that's all right, but I don't propos o give reasons."

He was taken to Manhattan Hospital, where als condition is considered serious. Neighbors said that jealousy was at the bottom of Jayne's attempt on his life, but they could not, or would not, give reasons for their belief.

could not, or would not, give reasons for their belief.

A well-dressed woman, who led a boy about 3 years old, apparently fainted, and fell in Eleventh street, west of Sixth avenue, yeaterday afternoon. She was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where it was discovered that she was under the influence of an oplate. The stomach pump was applied, and after she had recovered consciousness she was transferred to Bellevue Hospital. The child was sent with her, At Bellevue she said she had taken a quantity of opium and chloroform. She described herself as Mrs. Julia Ambrose, 26 years old, of 122 Waverley place, Inside her jacket was pinned a piece of a white envelope, on which was written:

"Life is too miserable and unhappy for me. I cannot bear it any longer. Julia." Under this, in another hand, was written:

"Edward, 2'2 years."

At 122 Waverley place, which is a boarding house, the landiady said last night at Mrs. Ambrose had lodged there three weeks. Her husband left her, the landlady added, a week ago last night after beating her because of her intemperate habits. Mrs. Ambrose quitted the boarding house with her child on Wednesday.

If her condition will permit she will be arraigned this morning in Jefferson Market Police Court on a charge of attempting suicide.

## Martin Stover Probably a Suicide.

Martin Stover, a laborer, 50 years old, of 214 Grand street, Jersey City, was found dead in bed at 6:30 P. M. yesterday by John Behrens of 221 at 0:30 F. M. yesterday by John Bearens of 224 Warren street, who called to see him. Stover is supposed to have swallowed a dose of poison, atthough City Physician Akinson was unable to determine the cause of death with certainty, Stover's wife and son had gone to visit some friends during the afternoon.

Took Polson Because His Wife Objected to a

ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 25,-Edward Chapman an Orange Valley hatter, 55 years old, atan orange valley hatter, 55 years old, at-tempted to commit suicide last night by drink-ing carbolic acid, because his wife objected to his attending a raffle for turkeys. Chapman only drank a few drops of the acid and will re-cover. He is at the Memorial Hospital.

Goodworth Was Out of Employment. Charles Goodworth, 50 years old, of 173 Bleecker street, Jersey City, shot himself in the head last night and died instantly. He had been out of employment and was separated from his family.

# MARRIED THREE HARRIMANS.

rail Lancaster Harriman, who buried her hus

Complicated Relations Caused by the Mar NORTH SEARSPORT, Me., Nov. 26,-Mrs. Abl

band last week and started for Natick, Mass. where she intends to pass the winter with her daughter, has been married three times within sixty years, and every one of her husbands was named Harriman. Two of them were brothers. Awar back in the thirties she changed he name from Lancaster to Harriman, taking Capt. Keyes Harriman for her husband. He was lost overboard at sea after she had presented him with seven healthy children. Then, after two years of widowhood, she was married to Jewett Harriman, a brother of her first husband, and had eight children, all of whom lived to grow up. Jewett Harriman died in 1875, and his widow went to care for the sick wife of her husband's pephew, Capt. James

wife of her husband's nephew, Capt. James
Harriman of this village. After the death of
his wife Capt. James paid court to the woman
who, by marriage, was his twofold aunt. She
declined the honor of wodding another Harriman until 1884, when, her children having
moved away, she capitulated, and for the third
time became a Harriman bride.

Last week her third husband died, leaving her
still a healthy and good-looking widow, who, at
84 years of age, is able to milk cows and do
housework, knitting, and plain sewing in better
style than most of the girls. Of her fitteen
children seven are still living, all of whom are
married, so she is now many times a grandmother and a great-grandmother. She is also
an anni to her last husband and a cousin and an
aunt to all her children as well as being a niece
to both of her former husbands. Besides all
these close ties she is both an aunt and a cousin
to herself and a grand-aunt to her last husband's
children who were born to his former wife. Her
children are not only cousins to their mother,
but double cousins to one another, and greatbut double cousins to one another, and greatchildren are not only cousins to their mother, but double cousins to one another, and great uncles and aunts and second cousins to the children of their stepfathers.

# DR. NANSEN DECLINES A LUNCHEON.

dience Received a Part of Mis Lecture.

St. Louis, Nov. 25 .- Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, to-day resented in no uncertain manner the hisses with which the audience last night received a slighting reference to newspapers. This morni g half a hundred prominent citizens, men of national as well as State reputation, paid him a formal call in accordance with a previously arranged programme, and offered him a drive to Shaw's Garden, a luncheon there, and a view of the

To the callers' astonishment, Manager Hurd rather abruptly notified them that Dr. Nansen

rather abruptly notified them that Dr. Namen had determined to decline the honor. The reason given was the threatening weather.

When the callers first assembled in the parlors of the Planters Hotel they were met by Manager Hurd, who charged at once that the free reception of Dr. Namen at the High School this afternoon had detracted from the attendance upon the doctor's lecture last night, and he showed a disposition to resont the offering of any further honors.

Prof. C. M. Woodward, as spokesman of the party, said there would be reat disappointment if Dr. Namen should perist in his refusal of an attention which had been arranged with the free knowledge of the Doctor and his manager. So far as he was concerned, he did not think the High School reception had been unduly advertised, Prof. Woodward explained to the committee of citizens that Dr. Namen had declined the Shaw's Garden luncheon, and after some embarrassed hesitation it was voted to omit that feature of the day's programme.

Manager Hurd returned by this time and announced that Dr. Nansen had consented to shake hands with his callers. It was a cool presentation that followed. hands with his callers. It was a cool presents tion that followed.

### CARS COLLIDE IN TENTH AVENUE. A Passenger Injured by Broken Cines-Horse's Leg Broken-It Had to Be Shot.

Slippery tracks and a defective brake were responsible for a collision between a car of the For ty-second street and Tenth avenue line and a car of the Belt line at Tenth avenue and Fifty-fourth street last night. There is a steep grade from Fifty-sixth street to Fifty-fourth street on Teath avenue. The Forty-second street car got down all right and stopped at the bottom to change horses. When the Belt line car reached Fiftyfifth street the driver, Michael Moran of 462 West Flity-second street, lost control of the car.

West Fifty-second street, lost control of the car. The brakes wouldn't work and the car crashed into the Forty-second street car.

There were several passengers in each car, but no one was injured except Mrs. Kate Moran of 153 West 100th street, who was on the Forty-second street car. She was cut on the face by glass from a window which was smashed. At ambulance was summoned from Roosevelt Hospital, and Dr. Coe soon fixed Mrs. Moran up so that she was able to go home.

One of the horses on the Helt line car got caught between the cars, and its log was broken. Policoman Thwaite of the West Forty-seventh street station shot him. The dashboards of the two cars were smashed.

THE MAN WITH A PLUG HAT.

BAT MASTERSON'S VISIT TO RENO IN ITS TOUGH DAYS.

Little Margin by Which Bloodshed Was Avoided-One Point on Which a Famous tion Fighter Was Cranky-Triffes That Have Prevented Homicide in the West.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25 .- "Shooting-bees that night have proved wicked and deadly have often been switched off and prevented by parrow margins, often by mere accident, out in the Rocky towns and camps," said Joe Forsythe of Reno, Nev. "I've seen three or four instances of this myself. In 1886 I was running a small otel in Reno, about a block from the railroad station. Reno wasn't a reform town at that time by a whole lot, and it isn't an especially long-eared town now, for that matter. en years ago the boys in Reno used to plug away at each other on smaller provocation, and a good deal oftener than they do now, for the best to be had out there at that time was sage brush whiskey that burns holes in limestone and it kind o' kept their nerves on edge.

"One January day Reno got into the middle of a protty bad blizzard, and the snow piled up to about a foot and a haif on the level. Th express train from the East, San Francisco bound, was a couple of hours late. It was due to stop at Reno at 6 o'clock in the evening, but it did not haul into the station until a bit after 8. Reno wasn't yet over the holiday drunk, and the town was pretty lively. About fifty of the men were down at the station to see the train come in and to give male arrivals at Reno a warm reception, should there be any. There was one. He was a compactly built man with grayish hair and a serious counter nance. He looked like one of those whiskey drummers that never sample their own goods. He was togged out in swell Eastern style. He wore a fine chinchilla ulster that reached almost to his heels, and was trimmed with scal-

skin, patent leather shoes, and -a plug but!
"Now, that man's situation when he got off the train and clutched his two big grips was not one that I'd have cared to be in-a plug hat in Reno when Reno was still rastling with the regulation three weeks holiday jag, and all of the boys right on the spot into the bar gain. The poor man stepped from the train with his two grips. The boys wasted no time in giving him the hoot. They didn't make any hostile demonstrations, nor dance around him, nor attempt to perforate the hat with fortyeights, but they just howled in unison as he walked along the platform with a grip in each hand. The man with the plug hat didn't pay the slightest attention to them. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. Not a muscle of his serious face twitched. He kept right or his way down the platform, bound for my hotel. This coolness on the part of the man with the plug hat did not please the boys. They wanted him to get mad and say things, in order that they might have fun with him.

"'What kind of a tenderfoot is this, any how? they asked each other as the new arrival disappeared around the corner of the station. 'And where do we get the worth of our mone

"They all made a rush for the end of the sta tion around which the man with the plug hat had disappeared. He had not gone more than fifty feet from the station, for there were some pretty heavy snowdrifts along the path to my hotel, and his satchels were heavy. The hat looked tempting, and the snow was everywhere at hand. The boys began to pelt at the plug hat with snowballs. Most of them had hands on 'em like hams, capable of crushing a handful of snow into a ball of ice with one crunch. The whole fifty of them pegacd away at the hat. But the man probably wore a charm inside the lining of the hat. It simply could not be hit. The man was hit everywhere else from the nape of the neck to the heels, but his hat was untouched, although perhaps a thousand snowballs were heaved at it by men with trained marksmen's eyes. The man underneath the plug hat didn't turn around once. He plodded right slong to the door of my hotel with his two grips. He didn't even drop the grips to feel of his neck and ears when the snowballs pasted him there.

"I was behind the hotel desk when the man with the plug hat came in. He walked up to the at hand. The boys began to pelt at the plug hat

him there.

"I was behind the hotel desk when the man with the plug hat came in. He walked up to the desk and planted his two grips down on it.

"How are you? said he to me.

"Then he took off his pius hat and laid it down carefully on the desk. Then he unbuttoned his ulster and his cutaway coat underneath it, and peeled off both at the same time. As he stood for a minute pulling up the sleeve of his shirt my eye caught sight of a gold star, with a big dinmond set in the centre of it, pinned to his left su pender, that had slipped a bit from beneath his waistcoat. And when he turned around and made for the door at which he had come in, I saw in each of his hind pockets a gun that was not built for Fourth of July business.

"Barcheasled and in his shirt sleeves, and with a sort of flickering smile at the corners of his mouth, the man who had worn the plug hat went out the door. The street was well lighted all the way down to the station. He dived into a snow bank in the middle of the road and began to make snowballs like a man who had often made 'en before. He piled up a stack of twenty or thirty good ones before the fellows who had been pelting him a couple of minutes ten made em before. He piece un a stace of twenty or thirty good ones before the fellows who had been pelting him a couple of minutes before, and were now coming in his direction, got on to him. Then he began to heave his snowballs at the gang. Every snowball he threw hit a man. The gang set up a howl of delight, and began to peit him in return. They hit him everywhere from the top of his head to the toes of his shoes, but he didn't mind it a little bit, apparently, and continued firing 'em back at them, one man against fifty, for twenty minutes. He got a lot of 'em right in the eye, too.

the toes of his shoes, but he didn't mind it a little bit, apparently, and continued firing 'emback at them, one man against fifty, for twenty minutes. He got a lot of 'em right in the eye, too.

"When he got tired of the game he walked coolly into the hotel again and went over to a washstand in the corner to wash up, without saying anything.

"Then the game came in in a body, looking for the man who had worn the plug hat, whom they approved and admired. They admired and approved him a bit more when they saw the twe big guns sticking out of his hind pockets, and they looked like they were still wondering what kind of a tenderfoot he was. Three or four of the boys went up to the stranger.

"You're all right, Cap,' they said to him patronizingly. 'Pretty nervy game you put up for a man wearin' a dicer like that you had on. We didn't mean you no harm, you understand. Where you from, anyhow?

"Benyer, when I'm at home,' said the quiet man. From Leadville just now."

"See you're heeled, all right, said one of the boys, pointing to the stranger's guns. 'What would you do with em, anyhow, in a pinch?

"The stranger looked at the speaker with a vague sort of smile.

"Well,' said he, 'If any of you fellows had hit that hat of mine maybe there'd have been some dead ones around here. I can stant for any kind of a game of fun except having my hat knocked off. I take cold easily, you see."

"The thunder you say,' said some of the boys, and they looked again like they thought this stranger was a queer kind of duck. They stood around without saying much until he not the stranger was a queer kind of duck. They stood around without saying much until he got through washing up. When he set through the came over to the desk, and I turned the register around for him to put his name on it. Ho took up a pen, examined the nib carefully, and then in small, neat handwriting, he put down this inscription: 'Bartholomew Masterson, leadville Col.'

"I hauled the register around and looked at the register. The first man who got his eye on th

"Ask us an easy one, said the man at the "Who is he!"
"Only Bat Masterson, said the man at the desk. 'And we've been taking him for a tenderfoot. He's simply made farmers out of us,

Who is he?

"'Only Bat Masterson,' said the man at the deak. 'And we've been taking him for a tenderfoot. He's simply made farmers out of us, that's all.' Its didn't have to continue. The mere mention of Masterson's name he was then the marshal and boss of Leadville—was enough to make the gang feel cheap. They all knew that in a stand-up gun fight Masterson was the worst man in America, and that he had something that twenty-two notches on his right-hand gun to indicate the builtes and desperances he had killed white serving as general order preserver of bad camps and towns. The crowd went up to Masterson's room, dragged him out by main force, and there was nothing in the town too good for him for twenty-four hours. They would hardly consent to let him attend to the private business that had brought him to Reno, and you can gamble that no snowballs were chucked at his plug hat when the gang escorted him in a body down to the station a couple of days later. He told me confidentially, though, and on the level, that if his hat had been knocked off his had by a snowball on the night he struck the rown, he wouldn't have been able to hold himself in from shoothus, because, said he, 'I was born cranky on that point."

"I saw what might have been a double killing."

"I saw what might have been a double killing prevented in a queer sort of way at La Junta, Col., about six years ago. The two fellows who would have shot each other but for this accidental intervention had no warrant to kill each other, either. They were both good fellows, and 6-44 rate friends at that—Tom Lemon.

The station master at La Junta, and Class Thempson, a locomotive engineer—but they had the whiskey in them at the time the thing happened, and they would have blased away at each other sure as port if the kid hadn't turned up just at the right minute. Lemon and Thompson they say down to a two-handed game of prairie pedro one afternoon when they were both urby drunk. They quarrelied the essanily over the hands, the luck, the whiskey, the weather, and us who happened to be around got to threwing paper wads at them just for fun. They didn't pay any attention to us, however, but went ahead smarling at each other, until we all could spath if the two men were not separated. None of us feet like undertaking the job of prying them apart, however, and so they went on with their grine, which was for a dollar or so a corner. The properties of the state of the state of the spath of the two men were not separated. None of us feet like tour year-did, blue-yeed girl todded into the saleon, dragring along by her left hand a rag baby made of an old haw, with a string was a woman down the street of no particular reputation. We all made a good deal of the little girl, and petied her up and then the state of the same street of the string of the str

Lemon. "She'd 'a' had mine, too, in a second, Clem,' said he, putting away his pistol, and there was no more thought of shoot in either of them. They were both too busy in making much of the little

said he, putting away his pistol, and there was no more thought of shoot in either of them. They were both too busy in making much of the little one.

"Then there was that dog fight in Tim Belknap's saloon in Creede that kept Sonk Ruther ford and Bill Delaney from kniling each other. I was in Belknap's place when it happened. Itutherford and Delaney were miners, and each man owned a fine bull terrier. The dogs had never got together, but their masters had to keep them under a good deal of restraint to hold them apart. Whenever Delaney and Rutherford happened along into the same place with their dogs, the dogs had to be tied a sufficient distance apart to prevent them from chewing each other into mincemeat.

"Rutherford and Delaney came into Belknap's place a few minutes apart one afternoon in the spring of '92, with the bull terriers trailing after them. Delaney, who was the first to arrive with his dog, chained the dog at the bar, as was his custom on Sunday afternoons—and this was a Sanday. Then Rutherford came in, chained his dog at the front of the saloon, and proceeded to imitate the example of his friend Delaney. The two men stood at the bar, drinking exceedingly vile whiskey, for an hour or so, and then they became involved in a beated argument over some trivial thing or other. Both men were known as pretty bad knife fighters, and Belknap, who was behind the bar helping his barkeeper out, for trade was lively, saw that the two men were bound to come together. Their argument grew hotter and hotter, and finally Rutherford called Delaney a liar. Delaney reached for his knife, and so did Rutherford, and in no time at all the two men were describing the preliminary circles around each other. Then Tim Belknap tipped the wink to his barkeeper. The barkeeper slipped around to where Rutherford's bull terrier was tethered at the front of the store, and Belknap himself went to where Delaney's dog was chained. Then Belknap gave a whistle, and the two dogs were unleashed at the same linstant. They were at each other

## TOYS ON THE EAST SIDE.

they Are Mostly Bought from the Candy Men

in "Surprise Hags." As Christmas approaches the east side candy vender trebles his stock. This functionary is even more important to the swarming child population of the east side than to the juvenile plutocracy of Fifth avenue. In the latter case he meets one, in the former both of childhood's most imperative demands. For the east side candy store adds to its own proper functions those of the toy shop. When the east side child becomes the proud possessor of a nickel or even a cent it repairs immediately to the candy store and buys a "surprise bag" containing a "present." The present is some little gim-crack, such as a horn, whistle, or paper doll, according to the amount invested, and the luck of the buyer; and herein the east side child has an advantage over its prosperous fellow citizen, for it invests with its yespes shut, and enjoys the excitement of the gambler, superadded to the pride of the purchaser.

The supplying of the "presents" to be included in these packages is quite an important industry. The wholessle east side toy stores usually carry an immense stock of small paper, wooden, tin, and tinsel trifles, which are distributed among the candy stores by millions of grosses annually. Apart from cheapness, which is, of course, essential, the chief desideratum in a present is novelty, for the cast side urchin is just as liable to boredom as the offspring of the millionaire. A novelty which is having a great success just now consists of a little cardboard doil painted with great brilliancy and adorned with a jingling tunic of gold tinsel. Like the majority of cheap toys, it is of German manufacture. Very few of such articles are of domestic make. Next to Germany, Austria, England, and France are the chief purveyors, and no inconsiderable quantity is imported from Japan.

Apart from novelities, there are certain species of cheap toys which are always in demand. Horas, whistles, and rattles—drums are included among large and costly toys—in fact, all noisy things, are ever in favor with the east side urchin. The soul of his little sister, on the other hand, yearns for wooden and paper dolls. Just as in more pretentious luxuries, too, fashions repeat themselves i cheap toys. A plaything despised, abandoned, and left to glut the market ten years ago will reappear to-day as a novelly and meet with a tremendous success. whistle, or paper doll, according to the amount

plaything despised, abandoned, and left to glut the market ten years ago will reappear to-day as a novelty and meet with a tremendous success. For instance, monkeys on sileks and monkeys in chairs, after languishing for many years in innocuous desuctude, are selling now by thousands. Particularly popular are the highly and thickly colored monkeys, inasmuch as they furnish the possessor with an opportunity of ex-ercising childhood's cherished and inalienable prerogative of licking off the paint. On the insteln toys race appears to exercise no influ-ence. Jew and Gentile, Roman, Suxon, and Celt, take equal delight in a dell, a horn, or a monkey.

Legacy of \$140,000 for an Army Corporal. BURLINGTON, Vt., Nov. 25.-Corporal John F. Tholan of Troop F. Third United States Cavalry. stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, has just received information of a legacy left him by his uncle. John F. Fitch of Malvern, Pa., amounting to about \$140,000.

Tholan is a naturalized American, of English and German ancestry. He enlisted in June, 1895, and is now 21 years old. He will not obtain title to the legacy until he is 25, and will remain for a time in the service. He became a corporal only about a month ago, and is unmarried. ceived information of a legacy left him by his

Eight Violent Beaths Recently to One Family. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Fostorita, Nov. 17.—An esst-bound Baltimore and Ohio freight train ran over and killed William Archer a short distance wost of Welker last evening. He was 30 years of age, and is the eighth member of his family who has died with his boots on' within the past few years, five others having been killed on the railroad, one killed by a falling tree, and another shot by a North Baltimore marshal.

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT. ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

"Hyomei" Inhaler Outfit, \$1.00. Extra bottles "Hyomei" 50c. "Hyomei" Balm, a wonderful scaler, 25c. Can be obtained of your druggist, or BV MAIL. Pamphlets free.

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# Flint's Fine Furniture. OAK BATHROOM MIRRORS. \$1.00.

SCALLOP FISHING.

Pursuit That Requires Little Capital and

Less Skill, but Lots of Luck. BROOKLIN, Me., Nov. 25 .- After the summer visitors have gone away and left their blazers and bloomers to be worked over into suits for next year's scarecrows, the regular residents can harvest no more crops of consequence until the water of the bay gets cold enough to bring the scallops so near the surface that they may be dredged from boats. Though there is no law regulating the depth at which scallops may be taken, the fishermen seldom try to get them in more than twenty fath ome of water. When they go deeper than this the lines get tangled in all kinds of submarine weeds and monsters and become so heavy to handle that extra men are required to pull them in. As the scallops are sure to come up from cold storage in the abysses of the Atlantic as soon as the shores are fenced about with ice, the fishermen wait, believing it is easier and cheaper to let the scallops come to then

than it is for them to go to the scallops.

Scallop fishing as practiced by the people along shore requires little capital and less skill

A heavy dredge worth \$2.50 is weighted and attached to a long stout line of new rigging, and when the other end of the line is made fast to the stern of a sailboat the outfit is complete. With one man to steer and trim sail and an-other man to 'tend line, the boat backs and fills above the grounds where scallops are presumed to lurk. As the steel-jawed dredge scrapes along the floor of the Atlantic it picks up and bags whatever is found lying loose. Sometimes bags whatever is found lying loose. Sometimes it will load itself with starfish and sea urching that have gone down to take a rest; the next dip it will hold nothing but great quivering masses of jeliyfish, and then it will come up a dozen times in succession, bringing whole loads of rounded stones that have been centuries in trying to get pollshed. Finally, after days and days of cruising, the helmsman steers his craft above the right spot, and up come barrels and burrels of the biggest and fattest scallops to be found in the world. After he has loaded his boat to the gunwale once in a season the lisherman tries for no more scallops until another year, knowing that, as the chances were twenty to one that he would not find any, they will now be a hundred to one that he will get no more.

The giant scallop of the Maine and New Brunswick waters is as much bigger than the Cape Cod scallop as an elephant is bigger than a sheep. The shell of the Hyannis scallop is seldom more than three inches across its widest part and never exceests four inches, while a Maine scallop is hardly worth taking unless it is from six to eight inches wide. The shells that come from Massachusetts are given away to the lime burners or poultrymen, who frouently ask pay for taking them away. The smallest of the Maine shells are sold to the farmers' wives, who use them for skimming the cream from the dairy milk, and the big ones are easerly taken by artists, who paint the iridescent insides with flowers and landscapes and sell them for plaques. The palatable bundle of light-colored muscle is as sweet and tender when taken in Maine as is the choice intile tendon which comes from the Cape Cod shell. Hefore selling they are put in water and allowed to swell for a week or so until they are six times as large as they were in life. Then, having gained all they will, they are shipped to Boston and New York, where they are sold by the gainst all aquatic intruders; but in water and chowners from other parts of the mollusk. Visitors who were here last it will load itself with starfish and sea urching that have gone down to take a rest; the next dir

